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THE
Aldeburgh
CONNECTION

and the



present

LEAH GORDON *soprano*
PHILIP CARMICHAEL *baritone*

with

BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, December 2, 2003

8 p.m.

sponsored by



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LEAH GORDON, soprano
PHILIP CARMICHAEL, baritone
BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

Welcome to the first concert in our new Young Artists series! Advent having just begun, we include music appropriate to the season by Bach and Wolf. The songs from the *Spanisches Liederbuch* also serve as our final tribute to their composer in the hundredth year after his death. The second half of the programme sees a continuation of our celebration of Benjamin Britten on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.

Excerpts from Cantata 140: *Wachet auf*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

This cantata was written in Leipzig in 1731 for the 27th Sunday after Trinity — the last Sunday before Advent. The two duets make extensive use of biblical quotation, particularly from the Song of Solomon, and Bach's quasi-operatic writing creates an extended love scene for Christ and the Soul of Man.

Duet

Seele: Wann kommst du,
 mein Heil?
 Jesus: Ich komme, dein Teil.
 Seele: Ich warte mit brennen
 dem Öle.
 Eröffne den Saal zum
 himmlischen Mahl!
 Jesus: Ich öffne den Saal zum
 himmlischen Mahl.
 Seele: Komm, Jesu!
 Jesus: Komm, liebliche Seele!

Duet

Soul: When will you come, my
 salvation?
 Jesus: I come, your better part.
 Soul: I wait with lighted
 lamp.
 Open the room for
 the heavenly feast.
 Jesus: I open the room for the
 heavenly feast.
 Soul: Come, Jesu!
 Jesus: I come, sweet soul!

Please turn page quietly

Recitative

So geh herein zu mir, du mir
 erwählte Braut!
 Ich habe mich mit dir von
 Ewigkeit vertraut!
 Dich will ich auf mein Herz, auf
 meinen Arm gleich wie ein Segel
 setzen
 Und dein betrübtes Aug
 ergötzen. Vergiss, o Seele, nun
 die Angst, den Schmerz,
 Den du erdulden müssen;
 Auf meine Linken sollst du ruhn,
 Und meine Rechte soll dich
 küssen.

Duet

Seele: Mein Freund ist mein!
 Jesus: Und ich bin dein!
 Beide: Die Liebe soll nichts
 scheiden!
 Seele: Ich will mit dir in Himmels
 Rosen weiden,
 Jesus: Du sollst mit mir in
 Himmels Rosen weiden,
 Beide: Da Freude die Fülle,
 da Wonne wird sein!

Recitative

So come into me, my
 chosen bride!
 I have betrothed myself to you for
 eternity.
 I will set you like a seal
 on my heart,
 on my arm,
 and will delight your sad eyes.
 Now forget, O soul, the fear and
 pain
 you have had to endure;
 at my left hand will you rest
 and at my right hand will I kiss
 you.

Duet

Soul: My friend is mine
 Jesus: And I am yours.
 Both: Nothing shall sever
 love.
 Soul: I will enjoy the roses of
 heaven with you.
 Jesus: You will enjoy the roses of
 heaven with me.
 Both: There will be fullness of
 joy and rapture.

**Songs from *Spanisches Liederbuch***

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

From October 1889 to April 1890, Wolf composed his Spanish Songbook in a fever of creative intensity, setting 44 translations by Emanuel Geibel and Paul Heyse of 16th and 17th century Spanish verse. For today's concert, we have chosen four songs from the first volume, *Geistliche Lieder*, which depict Mary, Joseph and the Christ-child in the first days of His life. These are followed by four of the *Weltliche Lieder*, lovesongs which throb with varying degrees of Iberian passion.

We end our group with a duet from Wolf's opera *Der Corregidor*, also set in Spain. The two characters sing blissfully of the delights of conjugal love. It is almost unbearably poignant to imagine the composer — only months from entering the asylum where his life would end — in this piece projecting his illicit affair with the devoted Melanie Köchert into a secure and contented domestic idyll.

Nun wandre, Maria

Nun wandre, Maria,
Nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähen die Hähne,
Und nah ist der Ort.

Nun wandre, Geliebte,
Du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden
In Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein
Und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin,
Die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen,
Ach, kaum verwinden.
Getrost! Wohl finden
Wir Herberg dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wär erst bestanden
Dein Stündlein, Marie,
Die gute Botschaft,
Gut lohnt ich sie.
Das Eselein hie
Gäb ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne
Komm! nah ist der Ort.

Onward, now, Mary,
just onward, now, on,
the cocks are crowing,
and the place is near.

Onward now, beloved,
my jewel,
and soon shall we be
in Bethlehem.
Then shall you rest well
there, and slumber.
The cocks are crowing,
and the place is near.

Well I see, Lady,
your strength is waning;
your pains I cannot,
alas, subdue.
Take heart! We shall find
lodging there.
The cocks are crowing
and the place is near.

If it were over,
Mary, your hour,
those good tidings
would I reward well.
The donkey here
would I give for that!
The cocks are crowing,
come! The place is near.

Die ihr schwebet

Die ihr schwebet um diese
Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stilltet die
Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im
Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig
sauen!
O rauscht nicht also, schweiget,
Neiget euch leis und lind,
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert
mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe duldet
Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom
Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm leise
gesänftigt,
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert
mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich des
Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert
mein Kind.

Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!

Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem gelang' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

Rüttle mich, daß ich erwache,
Rufe mich, so will ich schreiten;
Gieb die Hand mir, mich zu leiten,
Daß ich auf den Weg mich mache.

You who fly above these palm
trees
in the night and the wind,
you holy angels, silence the
treetops!
My child is asleep.

You palms of Bethlehem in the
raging wind,
how can you rustle so angrily
today?
O roar not so, be silent
sway softly and gently.
Silence the treetops, my child
is asleep.

The Child of Heaven suffers
pain,
He was so weary of the sorrows
of the earth.
now gently soothed in
sleep,
the agony leaves him.
Silence the treetops, my child
is asleep.

Bitter cold descends,
with what can I cover my
child's limbs?
All you angels, who on wings
hover in the air,
silence the treetops, my child
is asleep.

Lead me, child, to Bethlehem!
You, my God, You will I see.
Who, who could manage to come
to You, without Your aid!

Shake me, so that I awaken.
call me, out will I step;
give me your hand to guide me,
that I may set out,

Daß ich schaue Bethlehem,
Dorten meinen Gott zu sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

that I may see Bethlehem.
there to see my God.
Who, who could manage
to come to You, without Your aid!

Von der Sünde schwerem Kranken
Bin ich träg und dumpf
beklommen.
Willst du nicht zu Hülfe kommen,
Muß ich straucheln, muß ich
schwanken.

By the grievous sickness of sin
am I deeply and darkly
oppressed.
If you will not come to my aid,
I must stumble,
stagger.

Leite mich nach Bethlehem,
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

Guide me to Bethelhem,
You, my God, You will I see.
Who, who could manage
to come to You, without Your aid!

Ach, des Knaben Augen

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar
erschieden,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Ah, the Infant's eyes,
so beautiful and clear they
seem,
and from them something shines
that captures all my heart.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen
Augen nach den meinen hin!
äh er dann sein Bild darin,
Würd' er wohl mich liebend
grüßen.

If with those sweet eyes
He would look into mine!
If He then saw His image there,
lovingly would He greet
me.

Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

And so I give myself wholly
to serving only His eyes.
For from them something shines
that captures all my heart.

Auf dem grünen Balkon

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein
Mädchen
Schaut nach mir durchs Gitterlein.
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie
freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken
Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,
Hat mir eine Lust beschieden,
Und auch da noch muß ich
schwanken.
Schmeicheln hör' ich oder
Zanken,
Komm' ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.
Immer nach dem Brauch der
Mädchen
Träuft ins Glück ein bißchen Pein:
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie
freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen
Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?
Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,
Seh' ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.
In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,
Daß noch nie die süße Kleine
Ihre Arme schlang um meine;
Doch sie hält mich hin
so fein,
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie
freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

From her green balcony my
loved one
peeps at me through the lattice.
Her eyes smile
kindly,
but with her finger she says: No!

Fortune, ever fickle
to young love in this world of ours,
has a joy in store for me,
and yet I am left
in doubt,
for honeyed words or sharp
reproaches greet me
when I come to her window.
As always when one loves a
maiden
happiness is mixed with pain;
her eyes smile
kindly
but with her finger she says: No!

How can her coldness withstand
the fire of my love?
Since she is the light of my life,
gloom and sunlight follow each other.
In vain I lament
that my sweet love
has never yet embraced me;
but with gentle art she keeps me
in suspense,
her eyes smile
kindly,
but with her finger she says: No!

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
Pflücke die schönsten, dich
zu schmücken,
Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
Mußtest du dich selber pflücken.

Alle Blumen wissen ja,
Daß du hold bist
ohne gleichen.

When amongst the flowers you go,
gather the fairest for your
adornment.
Ah, if you are in the garden
'tis your own self you must gather.

All the flowers well know
that your loveliness is
beyond compare,

Und die Blume, die dich sah,
 Farb' und Schmuck muß ihr
 erbleichen.

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
 Pflücke die schönsten, dich
 zu schmücken,
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein
 stehst,
 Müßtest du dich selber pflücken.

Lieblicher als Rosen sind
 Die Küsse, die dein Mund
 verschwendet,
 Weil der Reiz der Blumen endet
 Wo dein Liebreiz erst beginnt.

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
 Pflücke die schönsten, dich
 zu schmücken,
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein
 stehst,
 Müßtest du dich selber pflücken.

and that colour and beauty must
 fade from those which
 behold you.

When amongst the flowers you go,
 gather the fairest for your
 adornment.
 Ah, if you are in the
 garden
 'tis your own self you must gather.

Lovelier than roses are
 the kisses which your lips
 bestow,
 for the flowers' charm ends
 where your own begins.

When amongst the flowers you go,
 gather the fairest for your
 adornment.
 Ah, if you are in the
 garden
 'tis your own self you must gather.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
 Schief mir mein Geliebter ein.
 Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
 Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen
 Locken täglich in der Frühe,
 Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
 Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
 Lockenschatten,
 Windessausen
 Schläferten den Liebsten ein.
 Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
 Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
 Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
 Diese meine braune Wange.
 Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
 Und doch schief er bei mir ein.
 Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

In the shadow of my tresses
 my lover has fallen asleep.
 Shall I wake him? Ah, no!
 Carefully I comb my curly
 tresses every morning,
 but in vain is my trouble,
 for the winds tousle them.
 The shadow of my hair and
 the sighing of the wind
 have lulled my love to sleep.
 Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

I must hear how much I grieve him,
 how he has languished now so long,
 how this brown cheek of mine
 means life and death to him.
 And he calls me his serpent,
 yet he has fallen asleep beside me.
 Shall I wake him? Ah, No!

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero
 Doch an andres denkt mein Herz.
 Wenn du, muntres Ding,
 verständest
 Meine Qual und sie empfändest,
 Jeder Ton, den du entsendest,
 Würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen
 Schlag' ich wild den Takt zum
 Reigen,
 Daß nur die Gedanken schweigen,
 Die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.
 Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im
 Schwingen
 Oftmals mir die Brust
 zerspringen,
 Und zum Angstschrei wird
 mein Singen,
 Denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

Ring out, ring out, my pandura,
 but other thoughts are in my heart.
 You merry thing, could you but
 understand
 and feel my suffering,
 your every tone
 would be a lament.

While the dancers whirl and curtsy,
 madly I beat out the
 rhythm,
 only to silence the thoughts
 which awaken my grief.
 Ah! good people, while you
 dance
 how often I feel that my heart
 must break,
 and my singing turn to a
 cry of anguish,
 for other thoughts are in my heart.

Duet from *Der Corregidor* (Act II) (Rosa Mayreder)

Wolf

At evening, the Miller Lukas and his wife Frasquita are discussing the day's events. The town Magistrate (Der Corregidor) has attempted to seduce Frasquita and she has indignantly rebuffed him. She brushes aside her husband's rationalizations and reassures him of her devotion. Together they sing:

In such a moment of evening leisure, then I deeply feel all our joy!

My Lukas/Frasquita I've discovered with you such delightful content!

The first glance of every morning tells me at once: he/she is by me.

And night's release from the troubles of the day tells me: I am by thee.

So flows the time of our waking in blissful loving.

My dearest, let me say: I am so happy and so blessed.



INTERMISSION

Five early songs

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

The first two of these songs date from 1932, when the composer was studying at the Royal College of Music in London. They were part of his submission for the Mendelssohn Scholarship, one of the college's most prestigious awards - he came second. The remaining three songs date from later in the same decade. The last one is particularly notable as relating closely in style to the Cabaret Songs which Britten was to write for the soprano, Hedli Anderson.

Love is a sickness (*Samuel Daniel*)

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using,
Why so?

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made of it a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd it sighing cries
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Aspatia's Song (*John Fletcher*)

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

The Red Cockatoo (*Arthur Waley, after the Chinese of Po Chüi*)

Sent as a present from Annam —
A red cockatoo.
Colour'd like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men.
And they did to it what is always done
To the learned and eloquent.
They took a cage with stout bars
And shut it up inside.

Not even summer yet (*Peter Burra*)

Not even summer yet
 Can make me quite forget
 That still most blessed thing,
 The early spring.

I watch'd the red-tipp'd trees
 Burst into greeneries;
 Saw the swift blossom come
 Like sea dissolv'd in foam.

But in the lover's ways,
 The summer of his days
 Is come from such a spring
 As Poets cannot sing!

When you're feeling like expressing your affection (*W.H.Auden*)

When you're feeling like expressing your affection
 For someone night and day,
 Take up the 'phone and ask for your connection,
 We'll give it right away.
 Eve or Adam, anyone you ask for
 We'll find somehow.
 Sir or Madam, if you get a taste for
 Paris, Berlin, Moscow,
 Enter any telephone kiosk O,
 Have your say,
 Press button A,
 Here's your number now.

**Tit for Tat** (*Walter de la Mare*)

Britten

This cycle was published in 1966 as 'Five settings from boyhood'. They date originally from Britten's schooldays, but differ from the five songs just heard in having benefited from the composer's later revisions. As he wrote to Donald Mitchell in 1966: "I enjoyed yr. weekend here so much. I hope I didn't talk & play too awfully much, but I've had great fun as a result - I redid 5 early songs yesterday alone! It felt funny re-writing something I wrote 45 years ago!"

1. A Song of Enchantment

A Song of Enchantment I sang me there,
In a green-green wood, by waters fair,
Just as the words came up to me
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins turned I, singing it low,
Watching the wild birds come and go;
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came; silence came;
The planet of evening's silver flame;
By darkening paths I wandered through
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me -
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

2. Autumn

There is a wind where the rose was;
Cold rain where sweet grass was;
And clouds like sheep
Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was;
Nought warm where your hand was;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was;
Tears, tears where my heart was;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

3. Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon
 Walks the night in her silver shoon;
 This way, and that, she peers, and sees
 Silver fruit upon silver trees;
 One by one the casements catch
 Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
 Couched in his kennel, like a log,
 With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
 A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
 With silver claws, and silver eye;
 And moveless fish in the water gleam,
 By silver reeds in a silver stream.

4. Vigil

Dark is the night,
 The fire burns faint and low,
 Hours — days — years
 Into grey ashes go;
 I strive to read,
 But sombre is the glow.

Thumbed are the pages,
 And the print is small;
 Mocking the winds
 That from the darkness call;
 Feeble the fire that lends
 Its light withal.

O ghost, draw nearer;
 Let thy shadowy hair
 Blot out the pages
 That we cannot share;
 Be ours the one last leaf
 By Fate left bare!

Let's *Finis* scrawl,
 And then Life's book put by;
 Turn each to each
 In all simplicity;
 Ere the last flame is gone
 To warm us by.

5. Tit for Tat

Have you been catching of fish, Tom Noddy?

Have you snared a weeping hare?

Have you whistled, 'No Nunny', and gunned a poor bunny,
Or a blinded bird of the air?

Have you trod like a murderer through the green woods,

Through the dewy-deep dingles and glooms,

While every small creature screamed shrill to Dame Nature,
"He comes — and he comes!"?

Wonder I very much do, Tom Noddy,

If ever, when off you roam,

An Ogre from space will stoop a lean face
And lug you home:

Lug you home over his fence, Tom Noddy,

Of thorn-sticks nine yards high,

With your bent knees strung round his old iron gun
And your head dan-dangling by:

And hang you up stiff on a hook, Tom Noddy,

From a stone-cold pantry shelf,

Whence your eyes will glare in an empty stare,
Till you are cooked yourself!



Five folksong arrangements

Britten

I wonder as I wander

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die
For poor or'n'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall
With wise men and shepherds and farmers and all,
On high from God's Heaven the stars' light did fall
And promise of ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted of any wee thing,
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God's angels in Heav'n for to sing,
He surely could have had it for He was the King!

Greensleeves

Alas my love you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Rejoicing in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave;
And I have waged both life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to gain.

The trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they do grow green,
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night,
My love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.

O father, dearest father,
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.

I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,
Tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know
That he's married.

I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.

At the age of sixteen,
He was a married man
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.

And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate
Until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.

The Brisk Young Widow

In Chester town there liv'd
A brisk young widow.
For beauty and fine clothes
None could excel her.
She was proper stout and tall,
Her fingers long and small,
She's a comely dame withall,
She's a brisk young widow.

A lover soon there came,
A brisk young farmer,
With his hat turn'd up all round,
Seeking to gain her.
"My dear, for love of you
This wide world I'd go through
If you will but prove true
You shall wed a farmer."

Says she: "I'm not for you
Nor no such fellow.
I'm for a lively lad
With lands and riches,
'Tis not your hogs and yowes
Can maintain furbelows,
My silk and satin clothes
Are all my glory".

The Deaf Woman's Courtship

'Old woman, old woman,
Are you fond of smoking?'
'Speak a little louder, sir,
I'm rather fond of hearing.'

'Old woman, old woman,
Are you fond of knitting?'
'Speak a little louder, sir,
I'm rather hard of hearing.'

"O madam, don't be coy
For all your glory,
For fear of another day
And another story.
If the world on you should frown
Your top-knot must come down
To a Lindsey-woolsey gown.
Where is then your glory?"

At last there came that way
A sooty collier,
With his hat bent down all round,
He soon he did gain her:
Whereat the farmer swore,
"The widow's mazed, I'm sure.
I'll never court no more
A brisk young widow!"

'Old woman, old woman,
Will you let me court you?'
'Speak a little louder, sir,
I just begin to hear you.'

'Old woman, old woman,
Don't you want to marry me?'
'Lawks a mercy on you, sir,
I think that now I hear you.'

About The Aldeburgh Connection

Each season we present a four concert Sunday Series in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme, and the songs are set within narrative which explores the theme. There are three concerts remaining in this Series. On January 25, we present *Caliban's Cave*, a programme celebrating the music of Hector Berlioz. Singers are soprano **Donna Brown**, mezzo **Norine Burgess** and tenor **Benjamin Butterfield**. On March 14, we visit the rich musical and literary heritage of Ireland, in *St Patrick's Music*, with soprano **Virginia Hatfield**, mezzo **Anita Krause**, tenor **Michael Colvin**, baritone **Alexander Dobson**, and **Christopher Newton** as narrator. Finally, on May 2, our popular *Greta Kraus Schubertiad*, taking place this season in Walter Hall, presents three exciting young singers, soprano **Jennie Such**, tenor **Eric Shaw** and baritone **Peter McGillivray**. Single tickets are \$40; call (905) 707-3185. These concerts are usually sold out well in advance, so please call ahead.

Our Recital Series in the Glenn Gould Studio offers three solo recitals with three exceptional young Canadian singers. On Wednesday, January 14, **Colin Ainsworth** will join us for a programme of songs in English, including music by Britten and Derek Holman's *The Heart Misplaced*. Soprano **Nathalie Paulin** appears on Monday, March 8 and baritone **Brett Polegato** returns to our stage on Wednesday, May 12. Concert time is 8 pm. Single tickets may be purchased from the Glenn Gould Studio box office at (416) 205-5555, or subscriptions may be ordered from us at (905) 707-3185.

We return to Walter Hall on Tuesday, February 3, for our second Young Artists Recital, featuring soprano **Allison Bent**, mezzo **Kathryn Knapp**, tenor **Michael McBride** and baritone **Jason Nedecky**. Their programme will include the well-loved *Liebeslieder-Walzer* by Brahms. Tickets are \$12/\$6 seniors and students, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music Box Office at (416) 978-3744. Concert time is 8 pm.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Leah Gordon has appeared in productions of Handel's *Alcina*, John Beckwith's *Taptoo!* and Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. She sang the role of Celia in the Canadian première of Haydn's *La fedeltà premiata* and has appeared as soloist in Vaughan Williams's *Dona Nobis Pacem*, Schubert's *Missa brevis* and *Mass in G Major*, Haydn's *Missa Brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo*, and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah*. She will perform as a

soloist in the 2004 Bach Festival in January under the baton of Helmuth Rilling. She has been a member of the University of Toronto's Opera Undergraduate programme, and is currently in the Bachelor of Music in Performance Programme, where she studies with Mary Morrison, O.C., and has taken part in masterclasses with Marilyn Horne, Emma Kirkby and Elly Ameling.

Philip Carmichael, having been a chorister at St. Simons Church, has sung with many choral groups around Toronto including the William Byrd Singers, the Hart House Chorus, the Victoria Scholars and the St. James' Men and Boys Choir, and has performed in choirs directed by Helmuth Rilling and David Willcocks. He has given solo performances with the Summer Opera Lyric Theatre, the Pax Christi Chorale, the Hart House Chorus, the Jubilate Singers, the Camerata Choir, and the University of Toronto Wind Symphony. He also performs regularly at the Faculty of Music, and has taken part in masterclasses with Gerald Finley, Marilyn Horne, and Martin Isepp. He is enrolled in the 4th year of the undergraduate Vocal Performance degree at the University of Toronto, studying with Patricia Kern, where he is also involved with the Opera Undergraduate programme. Before coming to the University of Toronto, Philip studied Philosophy at King's College in Halifax.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, appearing with many singers in recital and with Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and he has had a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities include guest appearances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Mendelssohn Choir and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as summer engagements in Aldeburgh. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and *The Britten Canticles* for Marquis Classics. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programmes across Canada.



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